



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

couriers as well as upon private citizens whose politics they did not approve. They supplemented robberies and spoliations with abductions, tortures and murders. These outlaws, who set at naught all the ordinary laws of warfare, were hunted down like wild beasts, and, if caught, dispatched without mercy. It is said that the prowess and heroism exhibited in penetrating into their hiding-places in Western Missouri rivalled the adventures of Diomedes and Ulysses, "in entering the Trojan camp by night and slaughtering Rhesus and his companions." Yet our author is not insensible to the presence of pathetic elements in this pitiless business. Stumbling upon the dead body of a bandit near camp one day he pauses in his *Memoirs* to moralize on the gruesome incident. "I have no inclination to make a funeral oration over him, yet I will venture to remark that there is a sad thought connected with his lonely and obscure grave, for he has fallen in a cause that can never receive the sympathy of men fighting for justice and equal rights."

Mr. Britton has written a relatively dispassionate and judicial book. This is all the more surprising when we remember that he was an avowed abolitionist, a Kansas cavalryman, and that his parents, who remained in Missouri, suffered heavily at the hands of the Confederates. "I hope that I have not given in a single case," he says in his *Memoirs*, "an extravagant and sentimental account. . . . I am perfectly aware that a work filled with highly-colored statements is more greedily read . . . than one containing plain solid facts; yet I do not regret the course I have followed." While Mr. Britton may not have any signal felicities of style; while he may sometimes fail in matters of perspective and in the estimate of relative historical values, yet three cardinal excellences appear everywhere in his narrative—clearness, directness and sincerity.

LEVERETT W. SPRING.

The Santiago Campaign, 1898. By Major-General JOSEPH WHEELER, Commanding Fourth Corps, U. S. A., late Commander of Cavalry Division in Santiago Campaign. (Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle. 1899. Pp. xvii, 369.)

The War with Spain. By HENRY CABOT LODGE. (New York: Harper and Brothers. 1899. Pp. 276.)

Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign. By JOHN BIGELOW, Jr., Captain 10th U. S. Cavalry. (New York: Harper and Brothers. 1899. Pp. vii, 188.)

The Rough Riders. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Colonel of the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899. Pp. xi, 298.)

A GENIAL figure on the American stage is Major-General Joseph Wheeler. Ever youthful, ever vigorous, his simple manliness stands forth from these pages as it did from his activity at Santiago. After graduating at West Point in 1859 and serving two years, he joined the

Confederate forces and his record as a bold fighter and tireless marcher was unsurpassed. Frankly accepting the decision of arms, he has since shown that the honest rebel soldier may belong to the highest type of American. Wheeler's volume, unlike those of Lodge and Roosevelt, is not that of an expert book-maker. Including as it does some pages of a diary, a number of personal letters, and reports and orders galore, it rather suggests the soldier's note-book. The general himself appears in but a third of it. While the padding is interesting as a record, we could have wished for a fuller representation of the ingenuous soldier. That part which is General Wheeler's was written at Montauk Point in August, 1898, and is full of the freshness of the recent operations.

General Wheeler has no special point to make, his pages are purely narrative. All personal experiences are of a value graded by the witness. General Wheeler was a noteworthy part of the Santiago Campaign, and though he tells its story with the modesty bred of the usage of war, yet, appreciating the breadth of his command at the front, his statements lack not force. That he was sick to the extent of incapacity, he indignantly denies: "I was not off duty for a single moment during the campaign." Of General Shafter he says that "the great success of the expedition, (resulting in the capture of 24,000 prisoners by an army of about two-thirds of that strength) is a full answer to the criticisms that were made by some of the papers." He dwells upon his own insistence on not retiring from the extreme point gained, on July 1, by our gallant troops, only so much as truth seems to him to demand; and of his fellow generals he speaks as their brilliant conduct warrants. He gives a helpful sketch of the Spanish officers, and in the account of the surrender Toral is complimented for his struggle to avoid humiliation in word or act.

Gauging at its highest the devotion of the volunteers in going to and their gallantry and value on the field, yet General Wheeler casts his vote for the regular; and in characterizing him as more reliable, he is merely stating a world-old fact. Our Civil War volunteers really became regulars when enlisted for three years, for their education in serious campaigns and battles speedily gave them route and fire discipline; but the short-term volunteer always has had and always must have his limitations.

General Wheeler speaks with authority about Montauk Point, which was of necessity ill organized. To bring 20,000 men from a fever-stricken country and disperse them broadcast among the population could not be thought of; the returning men had to be quarantined somewhere; and while to the yellow journals with big editions to market, or to the peaceful citizen who knows not war, Montauk Point was a place of terror, statistics show that the suffering was hardly as great and that the mortality was much less, than ordinarily occurs under parallel conditions.

The general's farewell letters to his regiments make a cheerful page; and the lists of officers killed and wounded, with the tables of casualties by regiment, appeal to the individual.

It is a pity, however, to introduce a statement like the note on page 227. Santiago was not a great battle, and its comparison to Waterloo

even by innuendo, tells against the good work really done there. Moreover the loss of Wellington's army approached a third of his effective, and was not, as the note would lead the unwary to infer, only ten per cent.

The typography, paper and large-scale maps are excellent.

In his preface, Senator Lodge strikes the keynote of the handsome volume before us, which, in illustration and general get-up, is perhaps the most attractive we have so far reviewed. "In the broadest and truest sense of the word," says the distinguished author, "the history of this war cannot be written for many years;" but to "tell 'How it strikes a contemporary' it is not too soon." Penned during a heated session of Congress and actual hostilities, by a participant in the political turmoil, the volume savors rather of the forensic than the judicial. All men appreciate the difference between Latin and Teuton, and we regret the difficulty the Spaniard has had in recognizing the onward movement of the nations and the duties of the hour. But were the author of *Hamilton* and *Webster* to rewrite *The War with Spain* twenty years hence, he would less baldly accuse our late enemies of mendacity, duplicity and "the silly passion Spaniards call pride," or at least with a penstroke or two would replace such an ugly adjective as "lying" by an euphemism more worthy of Clio. This, however, in a war-book originally written in magazine articles is pardonable. Moreover the author thrusts home in more than one direction, as where he refers to the peace advocates as "some men who had once been eminent in politics, and some who felt they ought to be;" and is wont to show the vigor of his character in his unequivocal attitude toward all men.

Advancing into the volume, we find much that satisfies. The political causes, remote and proximate, leading up to the Spanish War are clearly indicated, as well as the seething of the opinions of war men and anti-war men, imperialists and anti-imperialists, in and out of Congress. Described by one who was a part of it all, the details lack nothing in pointedness, nor do they ever weary. Most war literature comes from the camp; here we have a book by one who has never borne arms, who viewed the campaign from the floor of the Senate, but who is in the prime of manhood, and might have made a typical soldier had he not, before the opportunity offered, become a successful statesman. This yields us much that is fresh, much that might otherwise be forgotten, and much that differs from the soldier's or sailor's narrative.

The author points out how a generation's parsimony in Congress came near to crippling even our American ingenuity; how the machinery of war, rusty by its neglect, bred faulty, slow organization; how, for example, this machinery despatched Sampson's fleet to sea with seven-knot monitors; how it sent our troops into action without powder to match even poverty-stricken Spain, together with other untoward results; and, as a consequence, how successively occurring facts, and not a homogeneous theory of operations, finally prescribed our plan of campaign. His castigation of the body of which he is an active member for its sins of omission in these particulars is noteworthy.

Senator Lodge dwells on the fact that the Americans were on the larger scale invariably the attacking party ; that the initiative of our officers and men was representative of that spirit which subdued the wilderness and the savage ; that the unquestioned bravery of the Spaniards was rather a negative quality ; and he is a manifest believer in "the decadence of the Latin race" and in the "superiority of the Anglo-Saxons." The description of the fights at Las Guasimas, and of those at El Caney and Santiago is one of the best we have, and original as being from the pen of a looker-on. He praises the regular, whose fights the latter were, and is evidently a friend of the army, who can in the future be relied on to do the progressive thing. There is a pregnant comparison of Manila and Aboukir, an admiring chapter or two on the Porto Rico campaigns. A general air of cheerful and self-confident Americanism pervades the book.

The Dewey chapters, on his diplomatic as well as military work, though a threadbare topic, are excellently done. They cover the ground, and a vein of humor running through them, while not exactly historical, brightens the successive pages. The work is comprehensive, and in it the entirety of our late war, political and military, is for popular reading perhaps given at its best.

Abundant appendices contain the proclamations, protocol and treaty of peace, and sundry similar documents.

To a veteran, Captain Bigelow's small volume is the most entertaining of all the books published since the close of the war. Pretending to write nothing more than personal reminiscences, the author has such a genuine way of taking the reader into his confidence, that what he tells of his immediate surroundings in the 10th Cavalry, from the standpoint of a West Pointer of twenty-five years' service, with an experience of foreign armies and much study of the theory of war, is full of meat. No work reminds the company officer who has campaigned under difficulties so keenly of his toils and hardships, of his enjoyment of the manly life, of his suffering from wounds, of the manner in which everything goes as it should not go, so well as Captain Bigelow's. From the first even a stranger knows him ; a friend knows him better. His familiarity with camp routine shows the trained soldier ; he tells of requisitions overlooked, of equipments not to be got, of issues at odds and evens, of orders and regulations impossible of execution, of scanty or no rations, of lack of care for the wounded, in a way which proves us to be an unmilitary people ; and he gives instances of manly heroism and gentleness, and of our intelligent fashion of handling difficulties, which show that we are essentially a warlike race.

Had this not been Bigelow's first campaign, he would have remembered that war is but a game of errors, big and little, and that organization only lessens and cannot eradicate the petty blundering which always galls the soldier. Not that he complains ; essentially philosophical, he cheerfully dispenses with food when hungry and with medical attendance when shot down. He works with what tools he has, and works well, and

in his concluding chapter he gives means for bettering our military status in a way which goes to the point without theorizing.

The captain pays a fine tribute to his colored troopers, who fall little short of being typical soldiers; he tells us of the seeming lack of plan at Santiago; of the absence of written orders; of his dodging his first bullets; of his charging up the hill without orders, but relying on the initiative an officer must often assume; of the "broad swarm" which made up the line of battle; of the patient courage of the wounded men about him—which no one knows who has not seen them stricken down; and of innumerable details which make up the picture a line officer sees on the march and in battle. Altogether the 188 pages are full of interest. Except one impatient reference to the commander of the Rough Riders, not a word could well be changed.

"On behalf of the Rough Riders I dedicate this book to the officers and men of the five regular regiments which together with mine made up the cavalry division at Santiago," is Col. Roosevelt's graceful tribute to his fellow-soldiers. Second in command of perhaps the oddest organization and one of the most intelligent regiments which ever went into action—a body where the cowboy fresh from the round-up and the undergraduate fresh from his classics or his football rode side by side; where he who would empty his revolver over a misdeal at poker bunked and messed, or starved and shivered, with him whose New England estimate of human life was overwrought; where the Pawnee Indian rubbed elbows with the Harvard or Yale ninety per cent. man; where contrasts ran riot, and yet where one purpose kept every man true to his discipline and his work—second in command of this regiment, Colonel Roosevelt received his first impressions of service, and his baptism of fire. He might have had the colonelcy, but he wisely chose to serve under a man who is every inch a soldier, who has won the Medal of Honor, who can stand fatigue like an Apache, and who possessed the experience Roosevelt lacked. Leonard Wood was soon promoted and left the "Rough Riders" to Roosevelt; and with it he left a heritage of soldierly instincts, and an amusing disregard of red tape.

It is lucky, on the whole, that the best men at the front have given us personal experiences, and not striven to write history. Such a book as this is far more helpful. Its chief charm lies in the series of miniatures or silhouettes of the men of whom we heard so much in June, 1898. As Roosevelt frankly admits, the Rough Riders did, could do, no more than the regulars at their side, in some ways not as much; yet those were talked of while these were passed over in silence. This is the usual working of the public mind. A non-commissioned officer of volunteers gallantly falls in the first fight, and his social standing keeps his name in the public press, while the regular sergeant who drops in his tracks ten rods away is only noted on the muster-rolls. Similarly a plucky commodore dares a presumably mined channel and destroys the enemy's fleet—and verily he hath his reward in the plaudits of the people; while other

sailors, whose opportunity came not quite so soon, have but a scant meed of praise. War honors are always such—naturally and properly.

In a simple but telling manner the colonel describes how Wood and he, by dint of push, got equipments where others failed; how out of a plethora of recruits only those who could ride and shoot were chosen; how in camp at San Antonio the cowboy, the mining prospector and the hunter vied with the swell or the student as to who could best learn his duty; how a kindly but serious discipline was accepted by all alike; how every man strove to fit himself to do and dare when the hour of battle should come; how the troops were sent hap-hazard to Tampa; and how it was only by stealing a march on the other regiments that the Rough Riders actually got on a transport for Cuba, and finally landed in the "scramble" at Daiquiri.

Altogether it was a strange organization. An abnormally quiet and gentle man was dubbed Hell Roarer; a fastidious club man, Tough Ike; his rough-and-tumble cowpuncher bunkie, the Dude; a fighting Israelite, Pork Chop; everyone of note had his antithetical cognomen. That all worked kindly together was due to Wood, Roosevelt and those whom they selected as officers, men who "not only did their duty, but were always on the watch to find out some new duty." As Roosevelt says: "in less than sixty days the regiment had been organized, armed, equipped, drilled, mounted, dismounted, kept for a fortnight on transports, and put through two victorious aggressive fights in a very difficult country, the loss in killed and wounded amounting to a quarter of those engaged." Truly a noteworthy record for the early days of a volunteer organization, and in every rank a credit to American character!

This volume is just what its title indicates—"The Rough Riders." "It is astonishing what a limited area of vision and expression one has in the hurly-burly of battle," says the colonel, and though he describes nothing more than what he saw, his story of the "squad-leaders' fights" of his regiment gives one the realistic side which no history affords. When rations are wanting, or bad, the colonel tells us the fact, but goes not out of his way to denounce Alger; when the officers have to attack without orders, we learn how they did it, but without a covert dig at Shafter. Books like this and Bigelow's are refreshing reading after the epidemic of press criticism. We learn much truth from the books; much error from the news columns.

The anecdotes about the men and the regimental mascots equal in interest the narrative of the fights by the regiment at whose head Colonel Roosevelt rode up San Juan Hill to victory—and Albany. The Round Robin incident is treated without the heat of the moment. On the whole, between the lines, there is wisdom for the legislator who should prepare the nation for our next war. While the proposition with which the volume sets out, that the Rough Riders were a wonderful volunteer organization, is demonstrated, the book also helps to prove that there was no more than the usual suffering in Cuba or at Montauk. Colonel

Roosevelt came home "disgracefully well," though he was thrice grazed by missiles.

The paper of the book is heavy and the type large. Abundant phototypes put one in close touch with the men and officers. The get-up of the volume leaves nothing to be desired.

As with any positive man, one may easily find himself disagreeing with Colonel Roosevelt, but it would be hard to resist the frank, infectious and sportsmanlike way of putting things from the beginning to the end of this book. The last words furnish its *motif*: "Is there any wonder that I love my regiment?"

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.

Studies in the Constitutional History of Tennessee. By JOSHUA W. CALDWELL. (Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company. 1899. Pp. xiv, 183.)

THE constitutional history of Tennessee is in some respects unique. Few, if any, of our states have had in their early history so many vicissitudes of government. Within the quarter of a century from the coming of the first settlers to the admission of the state into the Union there existed as many as six different governments; and four of them—"The Watauga Association," "Cumberland," "Franklin" and the so-called "French Broad Association"—were wholly independent of external authority. More striking still is the character of some of these primitive constitutions, based upon immediate needs, and struck off boldly without precedent. It is the story of this constitution-making and self-government that Mr. Caldwell, in the earlier chapters of his book, relates. He does not give the history for the first time, but he is the first to single out matters constitutional. He does not aim to be exhaustive, nor does he pretend to a minute investigation of the sources, but gives us a series of studies of the more important features of his subject—a running commentary (shall we say?) on the texts of the authorities. The analysis is not at all points rigid, but both the analysis and the interpretation are mainly original; and the author makes clear at every step what ideas he appropriates and what are his own. The work is conceived in a spirit of fairness and executed with candor. There is a breadth of view in the treatment which, upon the whole, saves from mistakes of proportion. Here is no glorification of the pioneers, but a conscientious and judicious effort to find the truth and to express it.

After discussing the "Franklin" movement the author expresses very decidedly his opinion that among the people of the South-West the idea of "separatism," at least in the form of an alliance with Spain, never had any hold. His conviction is based, apparently, upon a knowledge of the people. There is really little evidence on the one side or the other, but the weight of what there is seems to be on the side of this conclusion.

The constitutions of the state—there have been three, with amendments—are taken up in succession, their histories given, their provisions